

# THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN.

VOL. IV. NO. 17. WHOLE NO. 173.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1886.

TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

## THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Local News & Home Reading.

Published at the Post-office at Bloomfield as a second class matter.

Publication Office, Broad St., near Post Office.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

Contributions and Advertisements should be sent to the Office as early in the week as possible, and not later than Thursday, 1 p. m., if intended for the current issue.

### PRINTING!

Every description of Book and Job Printing done at short notice at the Office of THE CITIZEN.

### NOTES ABOUT TOWN.

—Miss Kate Hubbard is spending the summer at Ocean Grove.

—Mr. Wm. C. Carl is spending his vacation in the Catskills, he expects to be at home early in September.

—The project to organize a National bank, which was started some months ago, has failed, as the necessary funds could not be raised. It is said that only between \$3000 and \$4000 was subscribed.

—It is reported that the Wheeler mill has been sold to Ballantine, the Newark lawyer, who will turn the mill into a brewery. Mr. Wheeler sold the mill because he has had so much trouble over the pollution of Tohy's brook.

—Under Mrs. Wardell's management, the Park House is having a prosperous season. Among the arrivals since Aug. 1st are the following: Hon. Wm. Pintard and family, Red Bank; Miss Louisa Wardell, Red Bank; Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Waldron, Brooklyn; Mrs. J. Flemming, Miss Clara Flemming, Mrs. W. McComb, Miss Clara Sweet, Mr. E. A. Houchin, Mr. H. Edward Nelson, all of Brooklyn; Mr. and Mrs. Boeve, of New York; Mr. Jarvis Peloubet, and Messrs. L. and W. S. Peloubet.

—There is a probability that the Bloomfield Town Committee will oppose the East Orange sewerage project, or at least the erection of the disposal works at Dodd's lake. A portion of the lake is in Bloomfield township, and the stream into which the water from the sewer is to be discharged after passing through the purification work passes directly through the town. A gentleman prominent in the township government, said this morning that they certainly should fight against the location of the disposal works at Dodd's lake, and try to have them select some other location.

—The Baptist church was opened to the congregation last Sunday after several months spent in making repairs. Some \$2000 has been spent in painting, decorating and furnishing the building, all of which has been collected from the people, and the church is entirely free from debt.

—On Sunday evening the Sabbath School held their thirty-fourth anniversary.

The platform was prettily trimmed with flowers and plants, with the motto: "Praise the Lord" in large letters in front.

The order of exercises, which was printed, and distributed to the congregation, embraced Scripture selections, singing, recitations, reading of reports, and other exercises of great interest.

Short addresses were made by Mr. Chas. W. Maxfield, and the pastor, Rev. Mr. Simons.

It was stated that \$406.02 had been collected to be used in building a Sunday-school room. A collection was taken up for this purpose.

The total membership of the Sunday-school is 244; average attendance 165; contributions for benevolent and missionary work \$216.74.

### Vicinity Notes.

#### MONTCLAIR.

It is believed that the project to build a combined club house and music hall, at Montclair, will be successful. The Committee on Organization has perfected a plan which will be submitted at a meeting to be held early in the Fall. Plans have been drawn for a building containing a hall 40x80 feet, and a gymnasium 40x50 feet, and so arranged that the two halls can be thrown into one. The building contains, besides, all of the accessories of a first-class club house and will cost, it is estimated, \$25,000.

A German named Fritz Kunkle, who boarded with Lewis Hickman, of this place, disappeared last Friday, under circumstances that lead his friends to fear that he has committed suicide. Kunkle came to this country about three months ago, leaving his wife and family in Germany. Having but few friends here, and not being able to speak much English, he has found it hard to get employment. His funds have been low and he sent to Germany for more. The draft should have been received, if sent immediately, a week or more ago, and as each day went by without the expected remittance, Kunkle grew more and more despondent, and on Friday disappeared. Since then the draft has been received by Mr. Hick-

man, together with a letter from Kunkle's family. The missing man was about thirty years of age, five feet eight inches in height, light complexion and wore a dark suit, Prince Albert coat and black stiff hat.

The announcement is made of the retirement of Philip Doremus, for thirty years a member of the session of the Montclair Presbyterian church, and its clerk for a long time. Mr. Doremus, with Dr. Love and others, it is understood, is organizing a new church. His retirement is an outcome of the disagreement a year ago, when, owing to dissatisfaction with the pastor, Dr. Berry, several of the officials of the church retired. Since then some of them have attended the Congregational church, and others have had no regular church relation. Messrs. Doremus and Love continued with the church until this Spring, when they gave up their pews. A short time since, letters of dismissal were granted to those who had withdrawn. The late annual report showed that, notwithstanding the defection, the church had been more prosperous than in the former year. Rev. Dr. Berry, on learning of the departure of Rev. Mr. Bradford for Europe, and the absence of the other Protestant clergymen of the place, at once cancelled his vacation engagement for August in order that Montclair should not be left without a minister to attend to the sick and dying. He will take his vacation next month.

#### EAST ORANGE.

East Orange is to have a sewerage system. The sewerage is to be disposed of by the purification or utilization process; the disposal works are to be located on the Dodd's Lake property, partly in East Orange and partly in Bloomfield township; plans and specifications have been approved for sewerage of the entire township at a cost of \$300,000, bonds to the amount of \$150,000 will be immediately issued to pay for the introduction of a portion of the system to be completed December 15th of this year, and about three miles of new streets are to be opened to enable the sewerage from the entire district now to be sewered to be conducted to the disposal works, entirely by gravity.

The corner-stone of the new Commonwealth building, which is being erected at the Junction, by the Orange Water Company, was laid Monday, with simple ceremonies. A box containing a number of documents relating to the Water Company, photographs of the members of the company, list of township officers, newspapers, etc., was placed in the corner-stone by President F. M. Shepard's daughter. The building is to be one of the finest in Essex county, and will contain stores upon the first floor, offices upon the second floor, including a suite for the Water Company, and a hall for entertainments and concerts, having a seating capacity of over 1,000. A portion of the first story walls are now up, and the building will be completed early in the Winter.

#### MILBURN.

The E. H. Wade Post, No. 96, G. A. R., which was organized early in this year, had a camp fire and target shooting contest, Tuesday afternoon and evening, in the grove at the foot of Milburn Mountain. There was a large attendance, including visitors from the Orange Post, Newark, New York and Brooklyn Posts. The target shooting was the principal attraction for the veterans, for among the prizes offered was a silver watch, inlaid with a gold G. A. R. badge. There were the usual attractions besides, and a delightful time was had by all.

### ADDRESS

AT THE FUNERAL OF  
DOCTOR JOSEPH AUSTIN DAVIS,  
August 8th, 1886,  
IN THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,  
BY THE PASTOR.

BELOVED FRIENDS: As this hour has approached, with its sorrow-moving duties in prospect, I have found myself oppressed with a strange sad thought that my mission in this pastorate is rather to bury the Bloomfield church than to build it up. There are indeed times that bring an opposite feeling, as for example in the Sunday-school where the children are learning the faithful Word, in the Young People's Meetings, where the sanguine hopes of youthfulness are contagious, at the Lord's Table, where still a goodly company fills the seats long made sacred by the communion of saints on earth; but when I recall the long procession of those who have passed away, one by one, whose faces we shall look upon no more—that the name of our loved and honored fellow-member lying here commences a second hundred of the communicants of this dear church whom it has fallen to me, as pastor, to transfer from the roll of the living to the list of the dead, the painful thought forces itself forward, that at least what I first came to know and love as the Bloomfield church will soon be beneath the ground.

These one hundred also, already deceased, and this, the one-hundred-and-first, have not been the young and immature, but the ripe, and the experienced, and the strong, and the wise. Exactly one half of them—fifty—had lived to be seventy years of age or more, and more than one-third of the rest, sixty years. They were our front rank, our veterans in Christian faith and service; and as they are fallen now, others less tried are of necessity left to receive the world's onsets and to lead our columns. Like a diminished army we cannot but feel weak for their loss.

There was read just now the story of

Elijah's translation to heaven, (2 Kings 2:1-15.) Sometimes that portion of Scripture is selected as a suitable funeral lesson when a Christian's removal has been sudden, so as to have seemed more like a translation than a dying. But that is not the only impressive suggestion of that history: besides the glorious manner of the aged prophet's departure one cannot pass from it without thinking of the weighty responsibilities thence forward devolved upon the young Elisha. He was, at the time, only about five-and-twenty years old, and when the 'sons of the prophets' unfeelingly reminded him, once and again, that the Lord was about to remove his master from his head that day, with heavy heart he answered, 'Yea I know it; hold ye your peace. In like manner, Christian friends, the fact of being left in the front, by God's taking away so many of our older members, on whose wisdom and courage and understanding I have been wont to rest, impresses me with heavy thought.

He, whose honored form shall presently pass from yonder familiar and frequented door for the last time, was one of our best and most faithful fellow-disciples, one of the wisest and most prudent counsellors in all our church affairs.

But not only is this Christian congregation bereaved in Dr. Davis's death: the whole community feels a great loss. In many respects he was Bloomfield's most representative citizen, the most genuine example and product of Bloomfield life. In his veins no extraneous blood ran, his descent, in both paternal and maternal lines, coming direct and pure from the earliest immigrants of the Newark colony. Our very town is chiefly built on his ancestral farm.

I think all here will concur in the opinion that probably no person ever loved our village with such ardent love nor took such profound pleasure in all its varied interests as he. He made the town a part of his own life. Here he was born; here he grew up: here his character was formed, modeled after the patterns this town held up in family, community and church: here he imbibed that high estimate of liberal education which distinguished the earlier generations here so honorably. Here all his principles were laid, social, moral and religious. Here he spent his whole life of seventy-three years, save the brief time he was perfecting himself in general and professional studies. For many years he probably knew every person in the town and every person in the town knew him. For nearly half a century he went in and out of our homes, loved of rich and poor alike, long our leading physician. All Bloomfield can claim him for its own.

The remarkable public spirit which our honored friend always showed was well acquired. His father before him had the like. The meeting of citizens which originally adopted the name, Bloomfield, for our township, ninety years ago, his father presided over, and it was legitimately in line that the son should for so many years have been called to moderate all our parish meetings and town meetings and school meetings, as long as he had strength to attend. The earliest step taken to organize this church—for fifty years the only church in the place—was at a gathering in his own father's house, ninety-two years ago. It impressively exhibits what a day of small things that was, to be told that a committee from the Presbytery of New York met committees from the First church in Newark and the First church in Orange to consider and advise whether a separate congregation should be established here. There were only those two Presbyterian churches this side of New York, and the Presbytery of New York had jurisdiction over all this part of New Jersey.

A sermon was preached that day, (in the Davis cottage, which is still standing and occupied by descendants of the family,) by the Rev. Dr. Rogers of the Wall street church, in New York, from the text, Rev. 3:5. He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father and before his angels. They decided to form this congregation and named it the Third Presbyterian church in Newark Township, the Orange church being the second, Newark township embracing both. But there was not then, nor for five years thereafter any church edifice, and during all those years the meetings were chiefly held under the same hospitable roof of the Davis' home. It was but right that the son of such a father should be a good man, and a Christian man.

That same Father Davis gave the ground whereon afterwards they built the church, this now venerable sanctuary; and, ten years later, the ground for the Bloomfield Academy; that had a long career of usefulness, and still perpetuates its usefulness as the German Theological Seminary; and then the ground also for our beautiful park. For though this land was sold to the township at a

stipulated price, the money was never paid; so that this invaluable possession of our village is also really a Davis gift.

It was in fit order that the son of such a father should be public spirited; that he should have been one of the earliest promoters, and a first trustee of our village free schools, before the policy of public schools had been adopted by the State at large—that he should have given laborious and useful service in Town Committee, and in the Board of Chosen Freeholders—that he should have been most influential in securing Bloomfield's first railway connection—that he should be found the President of our Gas Company, of our Cemetery Co., of our Public Improvement Association, and an active and effective worker in everything that pertained to Bloomfield's prosperity and welfare.

One of his untiring pleasures during his long illness was to have himself driven around to see the various improvements going on, and they always formed the chief topic of his conversation when friends called on him. His affections for many years had flowed out in a full, unchecked stream upon everything that belonged to this locality, the loved home of his fathers.

Always a leader in public affairs, he was eminently prudent and careful not to move in any matter faster than the community was ready to follow. Far-seeing and clear-seeing himself, he yet was a profound believer in the maxim that everybody is wiser than anybody. He loved to assure himself before beginning his many undertakings for the public good, that the other thoughtful people approved his plans.

I said our honored friend here was our most representative Bloomfield man. If he were truly a fair example of our citizens, we would indeed be a happy community. It is truer to say that he was about the best product of our town—as one said in my hearing, the soundest apple on the tree. It is no small credit to a town to be able to produce even one such—a man of broad mind, intelligent, thorough, honest, faithful, a real lover of his kind, warm, steadfast in his friendships and deep and pure in his love. All his kindred and all who were privileged with his more intimate acquaintance, learned to believe that the depths of his love were simply unfathomable.

It is a common observation that deep streams are usually not wide, and broad streams usually shallow, and so those who love men with general philanthropy are often lacking in deeper affections, and persons who are distinguished for special devotion to particular friends, are frequently heartless toward the rest of the world; but our friend here was, in heart, both broad and deep. There was no human suffering that failed to move his pity, no human being he would deny a kindness to, as his long medical practice here, much of it gratuitous, among the poor, abundantly demonstrates. At the same time he had always in reserve a wealth of warm affection that amazed them.

In one respect, Dr. Davis's life was a hard and trying one—his hours of rest and the regularity of his necessary meals were constantly broken in upon; he was exposed to every severity of weather and storm and had to meet continually the depressing influences inseparable from the sight of suffering.

But in another aspect it was a happy one. With his robust constitution and manly spirit and temperate habits he cared little for the hardships; he rather felt an elation of soul in braving the elements, and positively enjoyed ministering to the comforts of the sick. And he enjoyed his successes too, for many a limb and many a life he by his skill saved for useful service in this community.

Then he was happy in the esteem and love of his neighbors, which he highly prized—in the gratitude of the many he had aided in manifold ways, and in the sweet and pure affections of home and family, and happy too in the peace of God. For though it was not thrust forward and paraded with many words, our lamented friend was of a deeply religious spirit, his religiousness being of that richest quality that distills from a habit and purpose of doing right. His Christian faith he was by no means ashamed of.

I shall never forget the occurrences of a visit to him in his chamber just four weeks ago this day. He was in the measure of health usual for him since the stroke of paralysis, and all his family were present. After some other conversation, he turned to me and said with a deepening earnestness of look and voice, that he knew the nature of his disease and that his life could not be much further prolonged. Its end would probably come very suddenly some day (just as we know it did come.) He wished therefore while he had strength and opportunity, to let me, as his pastor, know fully his state of mind. He believed sincerely and without a doubt the Gospel of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ: he accepted it for himself in all entirety and trust: he wished to die in accordance with his hopes in full reconciliation with God and with man—he felt his personal unworthiness before God, but rested confidently on the merciful Redemption that is in Christ our Savior. Then suddenly he said, "Let us pray," and without waiting for any to kneel, sitting there, unable to move himself in his chair, he proceeded in a long, and to me most marvelous prayer. It impressed me—I may truly say it astonished me by its profound reverence for God, its deep humility, its penitence, its earnestness of supplication for pardon, the spirituality of its desires, not stopping short of entire deliverance from all sin and perfect restoration to God's face and favor. He pleaded the mediation of Christ, he pleaded the promises, that more than once returned

he and his might be included in the grace of the "Everlasting Covenant," and be united with the dear ones who had gone before at the Savior's right hand. He prayed that his loved ones might be kept from all harm, and especially both he and they from all sin against God. Then he prayed for me, his pastor, for the church and for you all, his fellow-townsmen.

A part of the prayer I lost through the impediment in his utterance, for his tongue with the rest of his body was partially paralyzed. But I was sure that God's ear lost none of it, and I felt that never had my own soul been brought so into the heavenly brightness of the mercy seat above, where the Lord sits in glory to answer prayer, as when following those soul sent petitions. Often in the chambers of the sick and dying have I myself been requested to lead in prayer; but never before was it my happiness to be the prayer of the departing one. Like the dying patriarchs of old, he was stronger to pray for us than we for him.

I recall in this connection another instance of his praying that may further illustrate his character. I had been sent for to visit, as pastor, the dying bed of one of the Doctor's patients, by whose side he had been watching night and day, for two days. The good Doctor was missed awhile, and when one of the family happened to go into an unoccupied room she came upon him on his knees praying God to spare the life that his own skill could no longer aid.

Such was the man, dear friends, whose face we shall look on to-day for the last time. I rejoice that so many of us are here to do it, and to recall and admire his noble traits of character. I commend them to you and to myself for imitation. I call on all present by the confidence we have in his integrity, to accept the faith whereby he lived and wherein he contentedly died—the faith that made his life what we have seen it, and took away from him the fear of death.

Since he fell asleep, I heard one say, I can think of nothing else but the words, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. Another said his thought was, Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God. And this was natural, for indeed we can hardly think of Dr. Davis in the same connection with any deed of wrong or of impurity. I have had occasion to erase many a name from our church register, by the broad black underscoring that designates the dead, but no name worthier than this. Come, look, all of us, once more, on his strong, calm face. It wears upon it in beauty, both victory and peace. He has fought his fight, he has finished his course, he has kept the faith. Is it not so that in him is now fulfilled that text of the first Bloomfield sermon, preached in his father's house? He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment, and I will not blot out his name out of the Book of Life, but I will confess his name before my Father and before his angels.

### Special Offer.

For the next thirty days, one-half doz. of Doane's Best Imperial Photos will be given to each purchaser of a Metal Back Album at Cooper Bros. Albums are sold at the regular cash price, or 10 per cent extra for instalment orders. Don't miss this special sale.

### MARRIED.

In Bloomfield, August 4th, by Rev. W. F. Stubbett, D. D., Mr. John P. Bernart and Miss Mary L. Schneider.

### DIED.

On Aug. 9th, 1886, Albertetta, youngest child of Wm. A. and Addie A. Brown, and granddaughter of Mr. Adam L. Brown, aged 10 weeks.

### WANTED

Stout boy of fair education to learn the printing trade. Address, Citizen Office, Bloomfield.

## MARTIN BROS.

### BULLETIN.

Just received, a line of goods from John Moir & Sons, London, including: GHERKINS, MIXED PICKLES, CHOWCHOW, WHITE ONIONS, Soups, in Glass and in Tin, Including

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